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REMONSTRANCE:

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

Would'st thou the Bark of Britain should outride
The present blast, *and every future storm?*
Give it that Ballast, which alone has weight
With Him, whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.

YOUNG.

By CATHARINE HOOD.

LONDON:
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1801.

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REMONSTRANCE.

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REMONSTRANCE.

AS when the horrors of a low'ring sky
Proclaim some elemental warfare nigh;
And soon, in deluges of rattling hail,
The storm descends, while the loud thunder's peal
Rolls from afar, the pointed lightnings glare,
And frightful agitations rend the air:
So, if the stamp and fashion of the times
Look dark and monstrous with repeated crimes,

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Those fatal symptoms awfully forebode
Th' impending vengeance of an angry God.
Thus, ere the deep his mighty barriers broke,
And panting Nature felt the deadly stroke;
While the red flag of Justice, half unfurl'd,
Threaten'd destruction to a guilty world;
Amidst the voice of music and of mirth,
Fierce violence and rapine fill'd the earth.
And thus again, ere that tremendous hour,
When the bright agents of Almighty Pow'r,
Dreadfully glorious, shall fulfil his word,
And deal destruction with a flaming sword;
E'en then, alas! the careless sons of men
Will wallow in Corruption's beastly den;
In strife and envying consume their days,
Or reel in Pleasure's variegated maze.

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While fav'ring Fortune sheds her golden ray,
Heedless beneath its genial warmth we play;
Nor dream that black portentous clouds may rise
To mar the splendour of such glorious skies;
Till the swift ruin now approaching near
Wakes all the anguish of ungovern'd fear:
Almighty Vengeance o'er the wreck presides,
And with strong arm the whirling tempest guides;
While, curs'd for sin, devoted Nature feels
His dreadful wrath, and drunk with terror reels.

O Nature! for thy children's guilt disgrac'd,
How are thy beauties wither'd and defac'd!
When first, obedient to thy Lord's command,
You issu'd forth from his creative hand,

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Bursting through chaos with etherial light,
Thy radiant form blaz'd on the gloom of night:
Thy ever verdant garments charm'd the eyes,
With flowers innumber'd of a thousand dies:
Thy joyful year no wintry changes found,
But an eternal spring went smiling round:
An awful voice proclaim'd thee fair and good,
While heaven's bright ministers rejoicing stood;
Then, in full chorus, a celestial throng
Welcom'd thy new-born beauties with a song.
How fall'n, alas! thy fruitful womb no more
Spontaneous teems with jocund Plenty's store:
A noxious growth of weeds prolific rise,
To choak the seed, which Industry supplies;
Who labors daily, with incessant toil,
And reeking brow, to break thy stubborn soil.

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What was thy anguish, hapless parent! say,
Amid the horrors of that mournful day,
When first emerging from the mighty flood,
Another lonely Niobe you stood;
Beheld the track of each avenging wave,
Thy offspring buried, and thyself their grave!
How awful was the change! thy humid breath
Became the subtle minister of death;
And the first plague, which scourg'd rebellious man,
Swept circling ages from his shorten'd span:
Yon radiant canopy, that veils thy head,
Glowing with lively blue, or shining red,
Obscur'd in darkness, oft a torrent pours,
While lightnings flash, and vollying thunder roars:
Beneath the deadly weight of Sin opprest,
With pangs convulsive heaves thy lab'ring breast;

Thy verdant waves in dreadful warfare meet,
And a new ocean rolls beneath our feet:
Lo! subterranean fires, within thee pent,
Howl fearfully and struggle for a vent;
Then, bursting upward, pour on every side
Their liquid sulphur in a flaming tide.*
Alas! e'er since that lamentable hour,
When baleful Sin usurp'd a monarch's pow'r,
Subject to vanity and varying woes,
You sigh, impatient for the awful close;
And with a teeming mother's anguish groan,
Chastis'd for crimes and follies not thy own.

* Earthquakes, Volcanoes, &c. are supposed, by some authors, not to have been known in the Antidiluvian world.

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But lovely Nature still has much to boast,
Though her primeval brilliancy be lost;
And still, with grateful pleasure, we may trace
The bright reflection of her Maker's face.
Beneath the ardor of those flaming skies,
Where burning suns with ceaseless vigor rise,
Clad in a gorgeous and luxuriant veil,
She breathes the fragrance of a spicy gale;
Reposes softly in umbrageous bow'rs,
Bending with luscious fruits, and deck'd with blushing flow'rs.
And though the rigors of a colder sky
Such rich variety of charms deny,
Our benefactress oft, with liberal hand,
Blesses in better gifts a ruder land;
Whose bold inhabitants alike disdain
Oppression's rod, and Pleasure's gilded chain.

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Happy the clime where Nature's gentle smile
Crowns with success the patient peasant's toil:
Where Freedom reigns, beneath whose genial ray
The monarch governs and his realms obey:
Where steady Justice holds the even scales,
Yet Mercy oft, with soothing voice prevails:
Where Law forbids the greatest to oppress,
And, if aggriev'd, the meanest finds redress:
Where peaceful Agriculture sows the grain,
And golden Plenty beautifies the plain:
Where Commerce, like a stately ship in sail,
Presents her swelling bosom to the gale;
With fluttering streamers sweeps the foaming main,
Wafting her treasures from the distant plain
Of chilly Russia, clad in icy vest,
To Ganges gliding through the golden east:

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Where studious Learning culls, with searching eye,
The secret stores of dark antiquity:
Where lofty Science wings her daring flight,
Through boundless regions of etherial light;
And, like Prometheus, snatches from the shrine
Of heaven-illumin'd Truth a spark divine:
Where pure Religion's holy altars blaze,
And o'er a nation shed their cheering rays;
While varying sects no more, with slavish dread,
Hear Persecution thund'ring o'er their head.
Oh! favor'd Albion! a propitious hand
Pours a rich dew of bounty on thy land;
And bids thy rugged unadorned coast
Teem with such growths as India cannot boast.

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Now view a milder clime, where Nature show'rs
A thousand luxuries unknown to ours;
Where richer harvests, brighter plains, abound,
And warmth more genial fructifies the ground.
Such Gallia is, but you, her subjects, say,
Is such her freedom, such her gentle sway?
Doth your religion wear so fair a form,
Instruct by precept, by example charm?
No: heretofore with monstrous errors fed,
By popish fraud and superstition led,
While pageantry the vulgar crowd amus'd,
Minds more enlighten'd were not thus abus'd;
But, as a rising multitude they taught,
Too much with vanity of science fraught,
Though mix'd with falsehood truth before them lay,
Together both were proudly cast away.

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Hence Infidelity, to public view,
The barriers of conscience soon o'erthrew;
Then manners profligate, devoid of shame,
And every odious vice which brands thy name,
For vengeance ripe, drew down impending fate,
And a dire revolution wreck'd the state.
Ere while, submissive to despotic pow'r,
Thoughtless and gay you pass'd each fleeting hour:
Servilely abject to your mighty lord,
His person you caress'd, his name ador'd;
Whether he wisely held a gentle rein,
Or gall'd the nation with an iron chain.
Some noble spirits scorn'd th' oppresive yoke,
And burn'd to see those ancient fetters broke:
With ardor flaming in bright Freedom's cause,
They urg'd a nation to assert her laws.

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But, ah! how fatal e'en to snap the bands
Of Tyranny by wild ungovern'd hands!
A frantic multitude in turn appears,
Its towering head and form gigantic rears;
Opposes all authority, though just,
And levels all distinction in the dust.
Like him of Israel, with furious heat,
Grasping each massy pillar of the state,
Rock'd to and fro the mighty building bends,
In one vast crash the broken pile descends;
Astonish'd thousands fly the wild uproar,
While mingled shouts and cries fill the resounding shore.
Or as a river, swoll'n with ceaseless rain,
In torrents deluges the neighbouring plain,
While its o'erloaded current, spreading wide,
Flings all around a dark polluted tide;

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Forcing each barrier Industry had plac'd,
And, rushing forward with impetuous haste,
O'erthrows all order, sweeps away all bounds,
And with resistless rage alike confounds
Groves, meadows, harvest, plains, and rising grounds.
The hapless husbandman, with sadden'd brow,
Throws by his sickle, and neglects his plough:
Thy fields no longer yield a copious store,
Gay Plenty fills her flowing cup no more:
Fair Commerce, shrinking from thy wild alarms,
Enfolds thy treasures in her circling arms;
Bearing to happy Albion's favor'd coast
The boundless riches by such madness lost:
The cry of Innocence is heard in vain,
Assassins trample on thy reeking slain:

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Lo! Civil Discord bellows round the land,
Lets loose her scorpions, waves her flaming brand,
And brothers perish by a brother's hand.
Amid these horrors an insatiate brood
Of tyrants suck thy treasures and thy blood;
Whose law is plunder, whose despotic force
Makes opulence a crime, and birth a curse;
Who, with a phantom of equality,
Seduce the multitude where none is free;
Whose curs'd embraces, like the mimic fair,
Form'd by an artful tyrant's cruel care,
With treacherous grasp, invade each vital part,
And deeply wound the struggling victim's heart;
Who, as a tyger sporting with its prey,
Act wanton cruelties in horrid play;

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Who mock religion and the Pow'r Divine,
Then offer incense at a strumpet's shrine;*
Whose potent armies, kindly sent to prove
To neighbouring nations their fraternal love,
Spread havoc and wild devastation round,
Wasting those plains by smiling plenty crown'd:
Like swarming locusts, the Egyptian pest,
Which, rushing with a mighty eastern blast,
The air infected, blacken'd all the coast,
In myriads countless as the whirling dust.
And, lo! to crown such execrable deeds,
A gentle unoffending monarch bleeds!

* The horrid maſſacres, which took place in France ſince the Revolution; their renunciation of Chriſtianity; and their dreſſing up a proſtitute to perſonate the goddeſs of Reaſon; are notorious.

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Behold the royal victim calmly goes,
To meet the rigour of unpitying foes;
Serenely quits a desolate abode,
Reposing on the mercies of his God.
He mounts the scaffold, while his latest breath
Forgives the cruel authors of his death.
The mournful scene each drooping heart o'erpow'rs,
Dark seems the sky, and sickening Nature low'rs;
While trembling Pity, aw'd by abject fears,
In silence weeps, and hides her gushing tears.
But from the ashes of thy murder'd king
Doth glorious Liberty, thine idol spring?
Doth she triumphant o'er the state preside,
Shine in thy laws, thy public councils guide?
Alas! with each succeeding faction torne,
Oppress'd by power, by violence o'erborne,

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From ceaseless feuds, and ever-varying woes,
At length a stranger gives thee some repose.
Cover'd with laurels, he extends thy fame,
Spreading through distant realms the Gallic name:
Yet, Cromwell-like, he holds despotic sway,
And ye, the slaves of prejudice, obey;
As if imperial dignity alone
Lay in a sceptre, diadem, and throne.
Are these the sons of Freedom? this her cause?
Say, doth she trample upon Nature's laws?
Can slaughter please her? do her altars rise
Amid the steam of human sacrifice?
Ah! no: indignant for her rights misus'd,
Her heroes slain, her sacred name abus'd,
With anguish torn, and bleeding at each vein,
She turns abhorrent from th' ensanguin'd plain;

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Her eyes uprais'd, and supplicating hands,
Immediate retribution she demands;
Demands, with piercing cries, th' avenging rod,
To scourge a nation drench'd in kindred blood.

Now, furious demagogue, whate'er thy name,
(To that of patriot thou hast little claim,)
Would'st thou in such a cause as this advance,
And change our liberty for that of France?
Would'st thou the flood-gates of destruction ope,
And give the torrent an unbounded scope?
In search of some imaginary good,
Deluge thy country with a tide of blood?
To follow each chimera wild and vain,
Hatch'd by the heat of a distemper'd brain;

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To lead a giddy multitude astray,
Are grown the favorite fashions of our day.
But let not him who acts this furious part,
Presume to boast a patriotic heart.
No: underneath that specious smooth disguise,
Swelling ambition in close covert lies.
Thou burn'st to view thyself exalted high,
A mark of wonder to the public eye:
While living, to enjoy thy envy'd fame,
And hear a multitude repeat thy name.
But yet beware, thou seek'st a slippery place,
Each tow'ring favorite should dread disgrace;
And sure the people's favorite is he,
Who least of all can hope security.
How hard a headstrong multitude to guide!
Which, rashly curb'd, oft flings the rein aside;

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And from his chariot of despotic pow'r,
Dashes the haughty ruler of an hour.
Orleans and Robertspiere enjoy'd their day,
And sported gaily in the sunny ray
Of popular applause; then downward flung,
From the high pinnacle to which they clung;
Their smoking blood sends forth a warning cry
To those who madly brave their destiny.
And though, supported by his conquering bands,
Now more securely Bonaparte stands,
Belov'd by multitudes, admir'd by all,
Let him remember mighty Cæsar's fall.
Yet for this painted toy, this idle dream,
Ending in real misery and shame,
Expiring thousands butcher'd in thy sight,
A trivial sacrifice, are counted light.

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The real patriot, gentle, wise, and good,
Shudders at wanton waste of human blood:
Urg'd by necessity alone, he draws
The sword of Justice in his country's cause:
Though nobly would he yield his generous breast,
To view the nation's grievances redress'd,
Detesting slaughter and unnatural strife,
He fears to cast away one precious life;
And with abhorrence throws the wreath aside,
Tarnish'd and spotted with a sanguine tide.*

Mistake me not, nor think I mean to urge,
Our constitution has no dross to purge:

* Such were some characters during the Revolution in 1688: a time when dangers, the reverse of the present, impended.

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A precious metal doubtless we enjoy,
But the fine ore is not without alloy.
Corruption sometimes tempts a venal train
To barter conscience for a glittering chain;
And sometimes too her gilded padlock slips,
To close stern Opposition's clamorous lips.
Though Public Credit boasts those boundless stores,
Which wealthy Commerce in her bosom pours;
Though, crown'd with sparkling beauty, she appears
In all the force and vigour of her years;
A secret canker slowly eats away
Her inward strength; and, trembling with dismay,
She views the tottering pillars of our state,
Bending each hour beneath a growing weight.
Yet, if with wisdom's eye we mark the scales,
Where general good o'er partial ill prevails,

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A reformation only should be sought,
In the strict path by law and prudence taught.
All human institutions have their flaws:
'Tis God alone, who frames unerring laws:
Nor can we hope to view, beneath the skies,
A faultless model of perfection rise.
But, could a form of government exist
On equity's unbending basis fixt,
Our discontented demagogues would scan,
And scornfully deride, the noble plan;
Impatient to exhibit in its place
Some visionary structure without base.

While furious Gallia rends each silken tie
Of polish'd order and society;

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While abject Russia thinks her bondage sweet,
And prostrate licks a haughty sovereign's feet,
Blest Albion! thou hast found the golden mean
Between wild licence and a tyrant's chain.
Oh! then, consider wisely in thy day,
Nor madly cast such happiness away:
Court not fierce Vengeance to uplift the rod,
Nor weary with thy guilt a patient God.
For as an eagle, darting on his prey,
With soaring pinion bears the prize away;
Or as an arrow, wing'd with rapid force,
Unerring flies, and finds its destin'd course;
So pestilence, and famine, and the sword,
Sent forth as fearful agents of the Lord,
Arm'd by the terrors of his dread command,
With swift destruction sweep a guilty land;

Digitized by Google

While gentle Mercy can no longer plead,
And Justice glories in the awful deed.

Thou hast a secret foe within thy breast
More fatally destructive than the rest;
Corroding there, she fastens on her prey,
And wastes thy vital nourishment away:
'Tis Luxury, array'd with splendid spoils
Of vanquish'd worlds, caught in her silken toils;
Who gives, like ancient Babylon, profuse
The cup of her intoxicating juice.
Unnumber'd altars to the goddess rise,
Unnumber'd victims crown the sacrifice;
And, daily slaughter'd on her gilded shrine,
We view some virtue or some gift divine;

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Connubial happiness, domestic bliss,
Sparkling-ey'd health, fair innocence, and peace.
Her frantic ministers together throng,
And whirl a giddy multitude along.
See Dissipation lead the mazy dance,
See foppish Folly at her side advance;
Pleasure, with painted cheek and wanton eye,
Proud Ostentation, and pert Vanity.
Fantastic Fashion waves her gaudy plumes,
And, Proteus like, each varying form assumes.
Oh! shameless violation of his word,
E'en on the holy Sabbath of the Lord,
Mammon, insatiate god of avarice,
Shufles his spotted plagues, and shakes his rattling dice!
Oft Infidelity, with surly pride,
And specious Sophistry, his subtle guide,

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Labor in mists of darkness to absorb
The bright refulgence of truth's glorious orb.
And though, before Religion's sacred shrine,
Suppliant we bend, and own the light divine,
Cold and indifferent, we rarely prove
One living spark of gratitude and love;
But from those cheering altars careless rise,
Our hearts a frozen, lifeless sacrifice;
And, warm to idol vanities, defraud,
Tremendous sacrilege! a jealous God.
Is not a visitation near at hand,
When such pollutions stain a favor'd land;
And vice, grown insolent, with shameless pride,
In public walks, and throws her mask aside?
E'en now the hand of Justice, stretch'd abroad,
Shakes o'er the earth his desolating rod.

The groans of Gallia in thine ears resound,
A voice prophetic speaks from every wound;
And bids thee tremble, lest the just decree,
Which seal'd her chastisement, extend to thee.
Or to a nearer object turn thine eyes,
Where at thy feet, almost expiring lies
A sister realm,* with civil discord torn,
Wounded by traitors in her bosom borne.
Rebellion, feebly curb'd, in secret works,
While hellish Bigotry behind him lurks.
Behold her villages and fertile plains,
The bloody theatres of horrid scenes.
Her tottering altars insecurely stand;
Her peaceful subjects from their native land,

* Written before the Union with Ireland.

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With all the trembling speed of terror, fly;
And in thy bosom seek security;
While France, insatiate of tyrannic sway,
Like a fierce vulture hovering near its prey,
Watches the fav'ring moment to devide,
And snatch her victim from thy friendly side.
Though our victorious navies proudly sweep
O'er the vast bosom of the swelling deep;
While hostile powers, united, dare not meet
St. Vincent, terror of th' Hesperian fleet;
And, as they tremble in the hero's sight,
Taught by experience, shun th' unequal fight:
Though partial Conquest heretofore has spread
Her eagle wings o'er Nelson's honor'd head;
And distant Nilus thunders forth his fame,
Till answering ocean echoes back his name:

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And though a skilful pilot at the helm
Directs with steady course a favor'd realm:*
Wisdom is spiritless, and valor weak,
Should he, who guides and strengthens us, forsake.
The very elements, at his command,
Who holds their limits with a mighty hand,
Dissolv'd by fervent heat, like molten lead,
May pour down fiery vengeance on thy head.
Oh! then, expostulating Reason hear,
Nor like the senseless adder shut thine ear;
No longer with Almighty Justice strive,
Forsake thine evil ways, repent and live;
Return, while pleading Mercy may be sought,
And all thy trespasses shall be forgot;

* Written before the Resignation of Mr. Pitt.

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Though deeply tinctur'd with a crimson glow,
Relenting Heav'n can wash them white as snow.

Thus, when the prophet, with a warning call
Foretold proud Nineveh's impending fall,
Affrighted conscience arm'd each dreadful word
With terrors keener than a two-edg'd sword.
The pale inhabitants extended lie
Amid the dust, in speechless agony:
Their vain luxurious ornaments are fled,
Sackcloth and ashes veil each prostrate head:
In groans and sighs they speak; their falling tears
Bedew the earth, and rise to heaven as pray'rs:
A pitying God absolves the sinful land,
And bids Destruction quench his flaming brand.

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Oh! who like these, plung'd the deep abyss
Of sorrow's gulph, can feel returning bliss!
The wish'd-for tidings scarcely they believe,
And, in a trembling extacy, receive.
Jehovah's name resounds through all their streets;
Jehovah's name each lisping tongue repeats:
Exulting Rapture tunes his golden lyre
To strains, which Joy and Gratitude inspire,
While universal Nature joins the choir:
Attentive angels listen to his voice
And o'er the ransom'd penitents rejoice;
Catch the delightful notes, then join their lays,
While heaven's unbounded regions ring with praise.

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ODES.

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ODE I.

WRITTEN DURING THE IRISH REBELLION, 1798.

Inscribed to R. B. Esq.

I.

Oh! for a prosperous gale,
To fill our fluttering sail,
And safely waft our infant treasure o'er!
Swift may our vessel glide
Amid the curling tide,
And bear us far from this polluted shore.

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II.

To my prophetic fears,
A dreadful scene appears,
While warning Reason points some sheltering coast;
Fly then each social friend,
To Reason's voice attend,
Seize the bright hour, nor mourn occasion lost.

III.

Lo! fierce Rebellion there
Has snatch'd Ambition's car,
And sweeps, with furious speed, the smoking plain;
Here Discord, bellowing loud,
Maddens a boisterous crowd,
While countless furies mingle in her train.

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IV.

Murder, with horrid glare,
And gory matted hair,
Stalks, like the prowling wolf, in midnight round;
While Treachery, lurking near,
With dark insidious leer,
Smiles on her victim as she gives the wound.

V.

But see, above the rest,
In crimson garments drest,
Her eyes inflam'd and cheeks of burning hue;
Though drunken with a flood
Of holy martyrs' blood,
Insatiate still, she fills her cup anew:

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VI.

Yet dares she to profane
Religion's sacred name,
Though reeking warm in human sacrifice;
But, oh! Religion bleeds
To view such monstrous deeds,
And from curst Bigotry abhorrent flies.

VII.

Thou sun! whose cheering ray
Salutes the new-born day,
Tinging with orient light the ruddy sky;
Ah! hide thy radiant head
In ocean's briny bed,
Nor witness deeds of foulest, blackest dye!

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VIII.

Sad Industry no more
Can gain his honest store,
And rear a little race with patient toil:
No longer at his hand
Gay Plenty takes her stand,
To deck with waving gold the teeming soil.

IX.

Ye desolated plains,
Ye mouldering remains
Of ruin'd villages in ashes spread;
Ye smoking relics speak,
This awful stillness break,
And call down vengeance on each guilty head.

X.

Shall not Almighty Ire,
With outstretch'd arm, require
The blood of weak deluded victims, slain
By that insidious zeal,
Which feigns the public weal,
Yet butchers thousands at Ambition's fane!

XI.

Let the distracting cries
Of helpless families,
Forc'd from their dearest friends and peaceful home,
Pierce, like a poignant dart,
Each proud ambitious heart,
And bid it tremble for the wrath to come.

Digitized by Google

XII.

Ye virtuous few, who stand,
Within a guilty land,
Like dewy roses in a thorny waste;
Who with submission wait
The crisis of your fate,
Each care upon your Great Protector cast:

XIII.

Oh may your pray'rs and sighs,
In grateful incense rise,
Spreading their fragrance round the Throne of Grace;
And Mercy, for your sake,
Her intercession make,
To grant a wretched country lasting peace.

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ODE II.

TO MODESTY.

I.

O goddess! simply drest,
In plain unstudy'd vest,
Hating proud Ostentation's vain attire;
Whose gentle timid mien,
And bosom scarcely seen,
Awaken love and tenderest desire!

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II.

O Modesty! the maid,
Who seeks thy magic aid,
Though blest with Beauty's choicest gifts before,
Shall find her charms impart
More rapture to the heart,
Whene'er she seems unconcious of their pow'r.

III.

The eye, whose downcast beams
No admiration claims,
Seems brighter than the brilliant diamond's blaze;
Not the fresh rose's hue,
Sparkling with new-fall'n dew,
Can match those blushes thou hast power to raise.

Digitized by Google

IV.

When Beauty's roseate glow,
And breast of living snow,
Invite the daring touch of fierce Desire;
O Modesty! appear,
To guard the hapless fair,
And with thy tears allay the rising fire.

V.

Soft Charity, whose store
Relieves the suppliant poor,
Seeking the wretched haunts of pale disease:
Yet, wisely taught by thee,
With sweet humility,
Bestows in secret, nor solicits praise.

Digitized by Google

VI.

The warrior, whose renown
Contending monarchs own,
While Rumour, with shrill trumpet sounds his name;
Though on his waving crest
Proud Victory rides confest,
By thee attended brighter shines his fame.

VII.

Each talent and each art,
That captivates the heart,
By thee adorn'd, more admiration draws;
And rarely can we find
True merit in the mind,
That strives by vain parade to court applause.

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VIII.

Thus, on that favor'd shore,
Where flows the golden ore,
With glistening dust the rolling billows shine;
But where high mountains rise,
Impervious to our eyes,
Exhaustless treasures form the secret mine.

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ODE III.

WRITTEN IN TOWN.

O Rus! quando ego te aspiciam! HOR.

I.

Come, rural Fancy! come and bear
My willing sense away,
In thy belov'd delusion, where
High mountains rise and vales subside,
And rivers, through the forests wide,
In devious channels stray:

II.

Where lazy streams scarce murmuring flow,
Or rapid floods resound;
Where hills with bare or woody brow
Appear; where heaths or meads are view'd;
Where or the beauteous or the rude
Invests the landscape round.

III.

While now returns the smiling Spring
The gladden'd Year to greet,
How pleasing o'er the various scene
By earth, by air, by sea display'd,
The progress of the heav'nly maid
To mark, and influence sweet.

Digitized by Google

IV.

At her approach fresh flow'rs arise,
Fields wear a livelier green;
A milder spirit fills the skies;
Dark low'ring clouds are seen no more,
And billow-raising winds to roar
Cease on the settled main.

V.

At this enlivening season too,
Still with the glorious sun
To rise how pleasing; and to view
(As he the azure sphere ascends,
Its height attains, then downward bends
His daily course to run,)

Digitized by Google

VI.

The gradual tillage, and the grain
Intrusted to the soil,
With usury to restore again;
Or else attend the garden's calls,
To dress my beds, and prune my walls,
With pleasurable toil.

VII.

Delightful joys! but into nought,
Alas! th' enchantment falls;
And sad-returning serious thought,
From private, peaceful, rural life,
To city tumult, crowds, and strife,
My waken'd sense recalls.

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ODE IV.

ON TIME.

——— Vivendi recte qui prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum. HOR.

I.

See where, along th' extensive meads,
Yon copious Flood its current leads;
And ceaseless rolls th' abundant tide,
With like abundance still supply'd;

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Still in successive lapse the same,
A constant never-failing Stream:
Long has it flow'd, continues so,
And thus shall ever ever flow.

II.

So Time, from undiminish'd stores,
Continual emanation pours:
Hour after hour flies swift away,
Succeeding hours their loss repay;
Day follows day; as transient too,
The seeming slow-born years pursue
And flee: and thus shall ever flee
Time that has been, and e'er shall be.

Digitized by Google

III.

Whilst here, O mortal! to remain,
A wanderer on life's destin'd plain,
Let this employ thy serious thought:
Our moments were not given for nought.
And as with speed, awaiting none,
Time still continues rolling on,
Await not Time; but, as it flies,
Each valued instant learn to prize.

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ODE V.

ON THE FIRST AERONAUT.

I.

Upborne on Fancy's wings I fly,
Through the bright region of the sky,
O'er rolling clouds on high,
And fields of wide-extended æther stray:
But hold!—what daring traveller thwarts my way!

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II.

'Tis he, th' adventurous Aeronaut,
Who first in person dar'd to soar,
Where only bold excursive thought
Had ever urg'd a flight before;
Making th' unruly winds, as waves, obey,
And air, as water, yield to human sway.

III.

Behold his wing'd machinery rise,
The arduous height he boldly tries,
"See and believe your eyes!"
He views beneath, in one unbounded plain,
The earth extended as the watery main.

Digitized by Google

IV.

Companion of his flight, see Fame
Her trumpet in the air extend,
Bidding all people hear his name,
Bidding all lands and seas attend:
They hear and own the claim so justly due,
And, oh! may fav'ring Fortune follow too!

Digitized by Google

ODE VI.

TO A THRUSH.

I.

Sweet Thrush! whose wild untutor'd strain
Salutes the opening year;
Renew those melting notes again,
And sooth my ravish'd ear.

Digitized by Google

II.

Though in no gaudy plumage drest,
With glowing colors bright;
Nor gold, nor scarlet, on thy breast,
Attracts our wond'ring sight;

III.

Yet not the Pheasant or the Jay,
Thy brothers of the grove,
Can boast superior worth to thee,
Or sooner claim our love.

IV.

How could we transient beauty prize
Above melodious art!
Their plumage may seduce our eyes,
Thy song affects our heart.

Digitized by Google

V.

While evening spreads her shadowy veil,
With pensive steps I'll stray;
And soft on tiptoe gently steal
Beneath thy favorite tree.

VI.

The charming strain shall doubly please,
And more my bosom move;
Since Innocence attunes those lays,
Inspir'd by Joy and Love.

Digitized by Google

ODE VII.

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

I.

O thou! whose withering look,
And pestilential breath,
Blast every glowing flow'r,
That Hope, with lavish hand, had spread
On the dark bosom of Futurity:

Digitized by Google

II.

O Disappointment! sad
And gloomy is the train,
Which on thy steps attends:
Sorrow, with flowing eyes, is there,
Repining Discontent, and sick Disgust.

III.

If, in my tender youth,
I have already felt
Thy influence severe;
Ah! can I hope to 'scape thy pow'r,
As farther through life's wilderness I stray!

IV.

Art thou of monstrous birth
Th' unwelcome fruit of sin,
And her attendant made;
For, when her fatal joys we taste,
Still dost thou lurk behind each gilded scene?

V.

Or art thou heaven-deriv'd,
And as a blessing sent,
To teach the sons of men
On nobler joys to fix their hearts,
And sigh for realms, where thou can'st never dwell?

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ODE VIII.

TO TRUTH.

I.

Fair nymph! array'd in robes
Of pure transparent hue;
Upon whose awful brow
The majesty of Heav'n appears,
Impress'd in dazzling characters of light.

Digitized by Google

II.

Swift as the lightning shoots
Across a gloomy sky,
Thy power, immortal Truth!
Pervades the soul's recesses deep,
And darts conviction through the clouded mind.

III.

Abash'd at thy approach,
Mean Flattery hides her head,
And coward Falsehood flies;
Affrighted Error shrinks away,
And seeks in vain to 'scape thy piercing eye.

Digitized by Google

IV.

Though brighter than the morn,
Flaming with orient light,
Thy faithful glories shine;
Alas! how oft we shun thy beams,
To wander in Delusion's treacherous maze!

V.

Sages, renown'd of old,
Delighted to pursue
Thy paths, celestial maid!
Though but half seen, they felt thy charms,
And sought, with anxious care, a nearer view.

Digitized by Google

VI.

By thee conducted, oft
Immortal Newton rang'd
Through boundless realms of space;
From Nature's book he cull'd his laws,
And steer'd the universe with steady hand.

VII.

And when thy favor'd Locke,
With curious eye, survey'd
The intellectual world;
Enlighten'd by thy friendly rays,
He scan'd each secret movement of the mind.

Digitized by Google

VIII.

Happy the faithful few,
Who, firm and undismay'd,
Assume thee for their guide!
But chiefly he, whose vent'rous hand
Pourtrays the crimes and virtues of the great.

IX.

Blest shall his memory be,
Whose soul, unstain'd by pride,
By prejudice unwarp'd,
Seeks to instruct posterity;
Thy image stamping on th' historic page.

Digitized by Google

X.

Oft we behold thee drest
In Fancy's rich attire
Of ever-varying hues;
As when, in parables divine,
Our Lord vouchsaf'd instruction to mankind.

XI.

Still in that sacred page,
Which points the road to bliss,
May we thy influence seek;
And to those glorious realms aspire,
Where in unveil'd perfection thou art found.

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ODE IX.*

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

Those eyes which rob each youth of rest,
Those shining tresses, and that snowy breast;
Those countless charms, which round thee play,
Like all things frail, are subject to decay:
But, in Maria's spotless mind,
Angelic truth and innocence we find.

* Composed at the age of fourteen.

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Who can resist the magic spell,
When Virtue loves in such a form to dwell?
Say, Nature, who this form design'd,
Oh! whither are those eyes to lead mankind?
Say, was this lovely model giv'n,
To fix our wandering souls to earth or heav'n?

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ODE X.

TRANSLATED FROM THE 44th OF ANACREON.

As in sleep I lay, this dream
To my sleeping senses came:
Borne on wings, I seem'd to fly,
Freely through the azure sky;
Love, the while, a leaden weight
Bearing on his tender feet;

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Yet, though thus retarded, he
Overtook and captur'd me.
What could this appearance mean?
Thus the vision I explain:
I, in other loves, who lay
Chain'd, escap'd and fled away;
But in this am held secure,
Th' only love I now endure.

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ODE XI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE 34th OF ANACREON, INTO THE SAME MEASURE WITH THE ORIGINAL.

Fly not, sweet little maiden!
My hoary temples viewing;
Nor though thyself possessing
The vernal flower of beauty,
Reject my fond addresses.
Behold, in yonder chaplet,
How suitable th' assortment
Of lilies, snowy lilies,
Entwin'd with blushing roses.

Digitized by Google

ODE XII.

TO TEMPER.

I.

O Temper! mild complying maid!
Be ever present to my aid;
Sway every movement of my heart,
And sweet serenity impart.

Digitized by Google

II.

More lovely than the tranquil scenes
O'er which the lucid Hesper reigns
Unclouded aspect! pow'r benign!
The soften'd scenes of soul are thine.

III.

Ye envious forms, that would offend
Her placid eye, no more appear;
Go, dwell with the tempestuous wind,
The queen of tender calms is here.

Digitized by Google

ODE XIII.

TO HEALTH.

I.

Sweet Health! whose cheek, with native beauty glowing,
Invites the morning breeze to revel there;
While thy loose locks, in wild luxuriance flowing,
Unfold their treasures to the sportive air.

Digitized by Google

II.

Daughter of Temperance! thy hand all-healing
Restores the wretched victims of Disease;
Sweet is thy aid, all other comforts failing;
If thou art absent, what has power to please!

III.

Rous'd by thee, the youth awakes,
And his downy couch forsakes;
Forth he springs, with active force,
Jocund to begin his course;
And, as sportive Fancy leads,
Loiters among flow'ry meads;

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Or, across th' extended lawn,
Hurries like the wanton fawn.
Now he climbs the craggy mountain,
Now reposes near some fountain;
Or, as the smooth stream meanders,
Lost in meditation wanders;
Till, by music from each spray
Wak'd, he joins the general lay:
Goddess! in thy praise he sings,
While to his song responsive Nature rings.

IV.

In vain would Art, with mimic colors, seek
To give thy charming hue to Beauty's cheek;
In vain the glare of jewels would supply
The living lustre of a sparkling eye.

Digitized by Google

V.

As well might faded flowers in bloom compare
With those, which flourish in their native air;
As well might Cynthia boast her feeble rays
Superior to the sun's meridian blaze.

VI.

Chiefly, goddess! thou art found,
Where athletic sports abound;
Ball or bar, or, o'er the lawn,
Course or chase at early dawn.
Those, who breathe the country air,
Own alike thy bounteous care;
While they tend the vernal toil,
Or the yellow harvest's spoil.

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Oft thy vigorous votaries lave
In the clear salubrious wave;
Where thou, naiad-like, art seen,
Brighter than the Cyprian queen;
When from ocean's briny bed,
First she rear'd her lovely head,
Beaming with celestial light,
And flash'd her beauties on the ravish'd sight.

VII.

But never, goddess! art thou found attending,
Where Luxury her poison'd cup prepares;
But dire Distemper, Anguish never ending,
Gloomy Suspicion, and distracting cares.

Digitized by Google

VIII.

Not bounteous Plenty, with her hand o'erflowing,
Can grant those gifts thy favor'd children own;
Since thy clear eye, its radiant beams bestowing,
Oft makes a cottage brighter than a throne.

ODE XIV.

TO SLEEP.

I.

Hail! potent empress of the tranquil hour!
On whose capacious breast
All nature sinks to rest,
Lull'd by thy facinating pow'r.

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And see, attendant at thy side,
Two peaceful sister hand-maids glide:
Darkness, o'er a vanquish'd world,
Soft her sable mantle spreading;
With pensive Silence, her loose hair uncurl'd,
On light and timorous footsteps treading:
While, hovering round thy head,
By gay Delusion led,
Myriads of shapes fantastic swarm,
Imagination's ardent eye to charm.

II.

Although our bodies fetter'd lie,
In dull insensibility,
Say, what magic spell can bind
Th' adventurous active mind,

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Which, borne by sportive Fancy, soars;
And, with the swiftness of an eagle's flight,
Darts through boundless regions bright,
And other worlds explores.
Reason cannot now command,
For she has snatch'd the sceptre from his hand:
Nor can exhausted Time thwart her career;
Ages are but moments here,
And moments oft as ages in her sight.

III.

Jocund Mirth, with laughing eye;
Lively Health of blooming hue,
Her garments bath'd in morning due;
Grave Temperance, and patient Industry;

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Thee with grateful pleasure greet,
And own thy secret influence sweet.
But softly as the dewy show'r
To exhausted Nature gives
Those genial drops, by which she lives,
And sheds refreshment o'er each drooping flow'r;
So thy lenient balmy pow'r,
E'en to the wretched often kind, O Sleep!
Can calm the breast, heaving with struggling sighs;
And gently seal those flowing eyes,
Whose fondest task has been to weep.

Digitized by Google

IV.

But, soft, what tremors of delight
Agitate the lover's soul,
When, in Hope's golden hour,
Beneath thy magic bow'r,
Imagination warm, without controul,
Paints in vivid colors bright
The lovely object of his fond desires!
Embolden'd by a gentle smile,
Her yielding hand he seems to seize;
And riots, with insatiate gaze,
On beauties cull'd by Nature's nicest toil.
In trembling extacy he views
Those glowing cheeks of varying hues,
And sinks oppress'd with ardent guiltless fires.

Digitized by Google

V.

When on the tender parent's breast,
Kinder to him than couch of lightest down,
The lovely infant, fondly press'd,
Seeks the refreshment of thy soft embrace;
While, o'er his ruddy dimpled cheek,
The flaxen locks in artless ringlets break,
And Innocence sits smiling in his face;
How sweetly tranquil is his rest!
Attendant angels o'er his head
Their snowy pinions gently spread,
And guard a spirit kindred to their own.
Thus He, who all our sorrows bore,
Within his virgin mother's arms,
At his first entrance, cradled lay,
'Mongst oxen rude and bristly hay:

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And thus, amid those dread alarms,
When the rough hurricane, with furious sweep,
Rent the swoll'n bosom of the laboring deep;
Regardless of its wild convulsive roar,
He, in thy fostering arms reclin'd,
Secure in spotless innocence of mind.

VI.

But can the guilty wretch e'er find repose,
Though Nature may his weary'd eyelids close?
Ah! no: avenging Conscience near
Brandishes a keener sword,
Than strictest Justice could afford.
Terrific visions round him rise;
To scare his soul with panic fear.

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He strives to shriek, he strives to fly,
His voice, his limbs, their aid deny;
With reeking sweat his pallid brow o'erflows,
And his breast heaves with agonizing throes.

VII.

Image of Death! since Death, like thee, appears
To harrass'd Nature's woes
A transient night's repose,
The short fore-runner of a glorious day;
Let Faith and Hope o'ercome our slavish dread.
Hence let us banish idle fears,
Nor look with horror on that peaceful bed,
From which the just shall rise, to cast away
Their mouldering garments of corrupted clay;

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And, clad in vesture of celestial white,
Sparkling with etherial light,
Like clustering stars their dazzling rays combine,
Throughout a vast eternity to shine.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Digitized by Google

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ON AMBITION.

Inscribed to ——

O proud Ambition! whose insatiate grasp
Encircles earth, and whose undazzled sight
Gazes aloft on heaven's meridian blaze
With eagle eye, how mighty is thy pow'r!
First, in the realms of bliss, by thee seduc'd,
Spirits angelic, fir'd with daring rage,

By mad rebellion lost their first estate;
Hurl'd from the heights of heav'n to lowest hell.
Ah! had thy fatal influence ended there!
But frail humanity, alas! too soon
The dire contagion caught; and, swoll'n with pride,
Forbidden knowledge sought, but found a curse.

At thy approach, War shakes his plumy crest,
And mounts his rapid car; while, close behind,
Fell Desolation marks its smoking tracks;
And ghastly Famine, whose resistless pow'r
Consumes by slow degrees, and lingering deals
A death more cruel than the active sword.
But in thy train more horrid forms appear:
Murder, with glaring eyes, and reeking robes,

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Oft stain'd in kindred blood; Treason, whose dark
And lowering brow already half reveals
The secret dagger in her breast conceal'd;
Rebellion, and wild Rapine, veiling oft
Their deeds detested with fair Freedom's name;
And dire Oppression, whose relentless hand
Forges those galling chains, which basely bend
Both mind and body to a tyrant yoke.
Yet when soft Peace her golden treasure pours,
To crown with plenteous gifts a favor'd land;
Then we behold thee wear a milder form,
And prompt to noble acts th' aspiring mind.
How oft impell'd by thee the patriot toils,
The student labors, and the poet decks
With flow'ry periods his harmonious lines!

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Nay such, Ambition, is thy boundless force,
That scarce the humblest station, or the breast
Most unassuming, 'scapes thy secret pow'r.
Mean as I am, and to the world unknown,
Not mean the task at which my soul aspires;
Since, in these artless lines, I seek to please
A favorite of fair Science: if he deign
With approbation to attend my lay,
Whate'er its fate, I have not sung in vain.

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EXTEMPORE VERSES ON AN EOLIAN HARP.

Hark! what a melting thrill of harmony
Swells on the bosom of each varying breeze;
Then, in a lingering dying cadence, sinks
Irresolute! That uncouth boisterous pow'r,
Which rends the stately pine and lofty dome,
Like the soft kiss of Love, with gentle breath,
Waves o'er the magic lyre; and, from each string,
That slowly vibrates on the ear, draws forth
Such floating melody, as wafts the soul
To fairy regions of aerial bliss.

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TO A LADY, IN ANSWER TO A RIDDLE.*

Love is the softest passion of the soul,
Its pow'r the wildest savage can controul;
Can teach the hardest breast to heave a sigh,
And tears to drop e'en from the sternest eye;
Can calm the rage of a distracted breast,
And vex with storms a heart once urg'd to rest.
By various ways the beauteous troubler charms,
Steals on the sense, th' unwary heart disarms;
But in thy eyes he takes his favorite stand,
And there he reigns with absolute command.

* Written at the age of twelve.

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PART OF PETRARCH'S ODE TO THE FOUNTAIN OF VAUCLUSE.

Translated by Voltaire.

Claire Fontaine, onde aimable, onde pure,
Où la Beauté, qui consume mon cœur,
Seule Beauté, qui soit dans la nature,
Des feux du jour evitoit la chaleur;

Digitized by Google

Arbre heureux, dont le fueillage,
Agité par les Zephirs,
La couvrit de son ombrage;
Qui rapelles mes soupirs,
En rappellant son image:
Ornements de ces bords, et filles du matin,
Vous dont je suis jaloux, vous moins brillantes qu'elle;
Fleurs, qu'elle embellissoit quand vous touchiez son sien;
Rosignols, dont la voix est moins douce, et moins belle;
Air devenu plus pur; adorable sejour,
Immortalisé par ses charmes;
Lieux dangereux et chers; où de ses tendres armes
L'Amour a blessé tous mes sens;
Ecoutez mes derniers accens.
Recevez mes derniers larmes!

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TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

Thou sweet translucent Fountain, where the Nymph,
Who with devouring fires consumes my breast,
The fairest Nymph, shunning meridian heats,
Oft seeks the coolness of thy glassy wave;
Blest tree, whose waving foliage, gently fann'd
By Zephyrus, protects her with its shade;
That, with her image, every sigh recallest;
Ye glowing daughters of the dewy morn,
Less bright than she, that ornament these banks,
Whose happy state with envy I beheld,

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When by her breast adorn'd; ye nightingales,
Whose thrilling notes yield to her softer voice;
Delicious air, adorable retreat,
By her immortaliz'd; dear fatal scenes,
Where, from Love's tender weapons, every sense
Receiv'd an amorous wound; Oh! listen now
To my last accents, my last tears receive!

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LA MONTRE ET LE QUADRAN.

Une Fable, par De La Motte.

Un jour la Montre au Quadran insultoit,
Demandant quelle heure il étoit.
Je n'en sçais rien, dit le Griffier Solaire.
Eh! que fais-tu donc là, si tu n'en sçais pas plus?
J'attends, répondit-il, que le soleil m'éclaire;
Je ne sçais rien que par Phœbus.
Attends-le donc; moi je n'en ai que faire,
Dit la Montre; sans lui je vais toûjours mon train.

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Tous les huit jours un tour de main,
C'est autant qu'il m'en faut pour toute ma semaine.
Je chemine sans cesse, et ce n'est point en vain
Que mon aiguille en ce rond se promene.
Ecoute; voila l'heure. Elle sonne à l'instant.
Une, deux, trois, et quatre. Il en est tout autant,
Dit-elle: mais, tandis que la Montre décide,
Phœbus de ses ardents regards,
Chassant nuages et brouillards,
Regarde le Quadran, qui, fidèle à son guide,
Marque quatre heures et trois quarts.
Mon enfant, dit-il à l'Horloge,
Va t'en te faire remonter.
Tu te vantes, sans hésiter,
De répondre à qui t'interroge:

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Mais qui t'en croit peut-bien se mécompter.
Je te conseillerois de suivre mon usage.
Si je ne vois bien claire, je dis: Je n'en sçais rien.
Je parle peu; mais je dis bien.
C'est le caractère du sage.

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THE CLOCK AND THE DIAL.

A Fable, from De La Motte.

I.

It happen'd on a cloudy morn,
A self-conceited Clock, in scorn
A Dial thus bespoke;
My learned friend, if in thy pow'r,
Tell me exactly what's the hour;
I am upon the stroke.

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II.

The modest Dial thus reply'd,
That point I cannot now decide,
The sun is hid in shade;
My information drawn from him,
I wait till his enlightening beam
Shall be again display'd.

III.

Wait for him then, return'd the Clock,
I am not that dependent block
His counsel to implore;
One winding serves me for a week,
And, harken! how the truth I speak,
Ding, ding, ding, ding, just four.

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IV.

While thus the boaster was deriding
And magisterially deciding,
A sun-beam, clear and strong,
Shew'd, on the line, three quarters more;
And that the Clock in striking four,
Had told his story wrong.

V.

On this, the Dial calmly said,
(More prompt t'advise than to upbraid,)
Friend, go be regulated;
Thou answer'st without hesitation,
But he who trusts thy calculation
Will frequently be cheated.

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VI.

Observe my practice, shun pretence,
Not confidence, but evidence,
An answer meet supplies;
Blush not to say, "I cannot tell,"
Not speaking much, but speaking well,
Denotes the truly wise.

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MOMUS AND VENUS.

A Fable, from Dodsley's Æsop.

Momus, 'tis said, that witty fool,
Who, in his pointed ridicule,
Spar'd neither gods nor men, but sought,
Whate'er he view'd, to pick a fault;
E'en Jove attack'd, and seem'd to wonder
How mortals could regard his thunder;

Presum'd his noblest works to blame,
But censur'd most the human frame,
Because no window, nicely plac'd,
Betray'd each secret of the breast.
Nor could the wise ingenious Pallas
Escape the surly critic's malice:
The buildings, by her art constructed,
To him seem'd rude and ill conducted;
Too ponderous on one's arm to lay 'em,
And thus, from place to place, convey 'em.
When lovely Venus dar'd to venture
Her charms before his cynic censure,
Amaz'd he stood, and strove with care,
To find some blemish in the fair;
But strove in vain: the heavenly creature
Was perfect in each limb and feature:

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In every smile dwelt loves and joys:
But then—her slippers made a noise.
Hard case for this to blame the goddess!
Her shoe-maker alone in fault is.

Ye fair, who rich in graces shine,
And talents rare to beauty join,
If too loquaciously inclin'd,
With care th' unruly member bind;
Lest, with more justice in the case,
Your husbands may o'erlook each grace;
And, Momus-like, your beauty wrong,
Because attended with a *tongue*.

FINIS.

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